A DARK MAFIA ROMANCE

BONUS SCENE

SINNERS & ANGELS UNIVERSE

UNTAMED VIXEN

LUNA PIERCE

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“Draw the cat eye sharp enough to kill a man.”
— Taylor Swift

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DOMINIC

My life is falling the fuck apart.

But who am I kidding, isn't it always?

"You're losing your lead in the west sector," Hayes tells me from his spot leaned against the kitchen counter. He runs his hand through his light-colored hair and stares at me like he's waiting for some miracle fucking response.

The doorbell rings, the sound intensifying the already blaring headache I have, and distracts both of us temporarily.

"You expecting someone?" I spit out.

Bryant comes tumbling down the stairs, bursting into the open space that leads to our foyer. "I've got it," he announces before darting to the front door.

"Fucking idiot," I mumble and rub my beard.

He comes back a moment later, two brown sacks clutched in both of his tattooed fists, a shit-eating grin plastered on his face. "I got food."

I try not to roll my eyes—it's such a fucking childish mannerism—but I find it a bit difficult with his incessant obsession of ordering take-out.

His appetite for food nearly as insatiable as my thirst for power.

I stand, the legs of the stool scratching against the tile floor of our kitchen.

Hayes snatches one of the bags from Bryant and rummages through it, pulling out burger after burger and lining them up on the counter all neat and tidy.

But eating is the last thing on my mind, and right now, all I can think about is getting far away from both of them, from everyone. I need space to

be alone with my thoughts and come up with that fucking response that I never gave Hayes.

I'm in the middle of a war, and if I'm not vigilant, I am going to fucking lose.

The throne I've worked my entire life toward.

The power I so desperately crave.

And the life I cannot ever imagine stepping away from.

Allowing anything other than a win is not an option.

I would rather fucking die.

"Where are you going?" Bryant calls to me from near the refrigerator.

"Out." I snatch my keys out of the bowl near the door.

I don't bother turning around and, no doubt, witnessing the look of disappointment on his face. He'll be fine once he bites into his burger and realizes that with my departure, another burger is up for grabs.

Clicking the button on the key fob, I unlock my SUV and climb into the driver's seat, the peace of being alone already wafting nearer.

My thoughts run rampant as the countless problems in my life pry their way to the forefront of my mind. It isn't until I'm pulling into a parking space in front of a seedy dive bar that I blink back to reality and consider how the fuck I even got here. Perhaps it was muscle memory that drove the trek to this place I come to escape the stuffy posh establishments people like me typically frequent.

"What the hell," I say, pushing the ignition to cut the engine. "I'm already here, what's the harm in having a drink or two."

I exit the comfort of my vehicle and walk the short distance to the entrance of the bar. The cold handle wobbles, the screws nearly coming undone from my hold on it. Stepping inside, the scent of cheap upholstery and even cheaper booze greets me immediately. How I ever stumbled upon this shithole in the first place, I'll never know, but for no good reason, I keep returning to that same corner booth week after week.

My gaze scans the patrons almost without really intentionally meaning to. It's my nature to be aware of my surroundings at all times and that doesn't stop just because I'm having an off-day. Men of my caliber cannot afford to make careless mistakes.

Ignoring the stares of random patrons, I continue toward the back of the room, nodding an acknowledgment to the man behind the bar, Jack, who owns this joint. A tinge of disappointment nips at my jaw as I unbutton my

jacket, slide it over my shoulders, and fold it neatly. I dust off the table before lowering the expensive garment on the dated surface. It isn't a moment later that a waitress appears, her face plastered with a grin and her cheeks flushed red.

"Hi my names—"

But I interrupt her. "Hawk's mark, neat. That'll be all."

"Sure, yeah." She jots down my impossibly simple order onto a pad of paper. "The specials are—"

I exhale and tilt my head toward her, my gaze skimming over her excessive appearance.

Giant hoop earrings. Her blonde locks curled and sprayed with entirely too much hair spray. She chomps her bubblegum, her mouth resembling a fucking horse eating hay.

"I said, *that'll be all* ."

Her jaw stops moving and she takes a cautious step back.

I glare at her until she turns on her heel and stalks away.

A man and woman come through the entrance and settle into the first open booth.

Jack fills a guy's mug of beer and slides it across the bar to him. He kneels, disappearing from my line of sight, returning a moment later with a bottle of Hawk's Mark in his grasp. He pours my drink and places it for the waitress to take.

Her shoulders tense as she approaches the bar and her gaze darts over to me momentarily.

I avert my own stare in time, appearing like I wasn't paying attention to every single thing going on in this bar.

She comes over, this time with more caution, the bubbly energy she once exuded being snuffed in the presence of my darkness. "Here you go. Can I get you—"

"No." I take the glass from her and wait for her to leave before bringing it to my lips. I don't mean to, but I nearly down the entire contents in one gulp.

The warmth spreads through me, coating my mouth, my throat, and slowly my chest.

I shift my attention back toward the bar, tipping my head at Jack as he makes eye contact with me and silently signal for a refill. Anything I can do to minimize my interaction with that waitress.

Extending my arm, I unbutton the cuff of my shirt and roll up the sleeve onto my forearm, then repeat the same thing on the other side. My phone buzzes in my pocket but I don't retrieve it, not yet.

The door to the bar opens and *she* walks in. The reason I keep coming back here even though I shouldn't. Something about *her* has a way of calming my soul and setting it on fire all at the same time.

I'm easily twice her age but it doesn't stop whatever visceral feeling flows through me at the sight of her. I would never act on my desires, that's for sure, but I find no harm in basking in the steady she brings my chaotic world.

Her dark gaze floats around the room, missing mine, and taking in the various patrons in the place. She settles on Jack, his head down as he counts the cash in the register.

Jack glances behind him then at her. "You're early."

She brings her lip between her teeth and bats her eyelashes. "Thought you could use the help?"

My chest tightens at the sight of her false innocence.

The man who recently got a refill of beer in his mug turns toward her in his stool. "I could give you something to do."

The desire to walk over there and latch onto his neck, slamming him into the bar and driving my fist into his face over and over consumes me but I do everything I can to remain fully rooted in my seat. This is not the time or place for such behavior and I refuse to taint the one escape from reality I have because I couldn't handle one drunk guy making a disgusting remark to a pretty woman.

Pretty , I scoff. That doesn't even scrape the fucking surface.

"Right," Jack says while nodding to the drink the other bartender sets on the counter. "Corner booth."

She latches onto the glass and finally glances my direction, my own gaze darting toward the almost empty glass still in my possession.

I reach for it, downing what little remains inside and hold it out to her. I stare a hole through the drunk guy at the bar who gawks at her every step of the way.

The woman replaces the empty with the new one. "Can I get you anything else?"

The man opens his disgraceful mouth. "You can get me something, sweetheart."

She doesn’t flinch or even acknowledge his remark, instead, she remains fully focused on me.

Slowly, I turn my head toward her, her dark stare melting into mine. “That’ll be all. Thank you.”

The last girl I looked at took a cautious step back and shied away from my menacing glare. But this one, she doesn’t break eye contact. She matches my intensity and when I feel an unfamiliar flutter in my chest, it’s me that finally looks away.

She leaves, but not quickly like the other girl.

It’s alarming that she doesn’t exude the same fear that everyone else does when they’re near me. I don’t know whether I should admire her or be concerned about the lack of fucks that she gives.

A group of loud college-aged students bursts through the door, my concern immediately shifting to them to assess the threat level. They stumble over to the bar where they’re greeted by Jack.

“Gonna need to see some IDs,” Jack tells them.

Some of them laugh. A few hit each other. Two drop their wallets and crash their heads into one another on the way to retrieve them. *Fucking idiots.*

“It’s my buddy’s twenty-first,” one of the idiots says. He latches onto another guy and gives him a firm shake. “A round of shots for the bar on me.”

This steals the attention of most of the patrons in the place, many of them standing from their spots and crowding around the bar for their free drink.

The dark eyed vixen slides behind the bar to help Jack and the other bartender meet the supply and demand situation taking place before them. She makes quick work of pulling out glass after glass.

“Cash or card?” Jack stares at the guy in front of him.

“I’m good for it, don’t worry.” The young man pulls out some cash and waves it in the air.

The woman extends a shot toward the man who keeps mouthing off to her and he latches onto her and holds her in place while mumbling something I cannot make out from this far away.

My jaw tightens and my fist clenches and it’s everything I can do to remain firmly in place.

If he doesn’t let go of her in three…two…

One of the college-aged men clasps onto the drunk guy's shoulders, distracting him long enough for the woman to escape his touch.

Another newcomer approaches me. "Hey man, come on. Get a shot. It's on my buddy Ralph." He extends his arm like he's going to reach out and touch me.

I look over at him. "If you so much as lay a single finger on me, I will break every bone in your hand. Think twice about whatever it is you're about to do next."

He throws his hands up in the air and backs away, not daring to come any closer.

Jack whispers something into her ear and she elbows him with a smirk on her face.

It takes a few minutes before everything dies down, but once it does, she comes out from around the bar and walks through the place, her gaze not once meeting mine. Not that she would have known I was observing her way anyway–I'm that damn good. People only see what I want them to see.

And her being the object of my current obsession is not something I would ever let on about.

The drunk guy slithers off his stool and follows the path that she took to the corner of the bar where a storage closet is located.

I sip my bourbon and assess the situation. How much more of this is going to go on before I step in and put this excuse of a man in his place? So far, he hasn't done anything *completely* out of line but if she were mine, I would have snapped his fucking neck the first time he made a pass at her.

Men like him do not respect women. They see them as objects, pieces of meat for their consumption. To have whenever they please without any consideration to the other party. Disgusting, vile humans who need to be eradicated from this god forsaken planet.

Someone turns the sound on the jukebox up and a group of people funnel out into the open space, forming a pathetic dance floor.

The woman gets what she went to the closet for and shoves past the man to carry on with her task.

I swallow down a mouthful of bourbon as he slowly follows her.

My blood boils at him just not quite understanding what the fucking word *no* means.

Tilting my head back and drawing in a breath, I look toward the worn ceiling and pinch my eyes shut. I shouldn't get involved, that much is sure,

but what if this asshole takes it too far once he's finally out of sight? What if I'm the only thing standing in the way of her safety because I chose to sit here and ignore all the blaring signs that he isn't going to give up?

Can I live with myself if I do nothing and she gets hurt?

She's a nobody to me, why do I care so fucking much?

And when my feet move, my body dragging itself out of the booth I'm situated in, I realize that this sanctuary I have been hiding in is about to disappear forever. Because once I get my hands on this disgusting man, there's no stopping her from seeing who I truly am.

A cold-blooded killer.

I slip through the bar seemingly unnoticed, making my way in the direction both of them disappeared. The dimly lit hallway that leads to the bathrooms and out the back door is completely vacant. Poking my head into the men's room, I listen for any indication that he may have just gone in here instead of pursuing her. But I'd be a fool for wasting any more time on a long shot that he isn't a complete piece of fucking shit.

Pressing my hand against the women's door does nothing to grant me entry. I reach for the handle and give it a firm shake but it doesn't budge. I knock but no one answers. Reeling up my leg, I shove the weight of my body forward and kick the door open and step into the bathroom. My sights immediately train on the man who's clutching at his throat, but entirely too fucking close to her.

I settle my gaze over her, quickly analyzing that she is unharmed, and allow myself to succumb to my inner beast. I march right up to him and grab him by the collar, yanking him away from her and throwing him across the room.

His body crashes into the door and he groans, struggling to regain his footing. "Ah, come on man, I'll share her. We can take turns. I'm sure her pussy is…"

But there's no fucking way he's going to finish speaking another word for as long as he lives.

I wrap one hand around his throat and use the other to hit him across his fucking face. I punch him once. Twice. Three times. His blood splatters with each blow and the rage inside of me nowhere near subsides at the thought of him forcing himself on her. He goes limp and I release him, his body collapsing onto the bathroom floor.

It’s then that I pull myself back to reality and swallow down the fact that I just beat a man to death in front of her. *Fuck* . There goes any chance of keeping this charade up.

Slowly, I turn toward her, red speckling my face and no doubt making me look like a fucking monster.

She steps away from the wall and I hold still in an attempt to not scare her any more than I already have. *What was I thinking?*

She should run out of here, never glance over her shoulder and hope that she never crosses my path again. Because I am capable of ruining everything good, and she deserves much more than I could ever offer her.

My breath catches as she continues toward me, reaching down and taking my hand in hers. She examines my blood soaked fist and tilts her head up toward me, her intense gaze meeting mine.

I open my mouth to speak but words fail me. Wasn’t what I had done warning enough that she should stay far far away? Does she really need me to spell it out for her?

But instead of running, instead of doing the very thing that she *should* do, she reaches around my neck and tugs me toward her, pressing her lips to mine.

Not meaning to, the tension I had been holding eases up and I give in to my desires, moving my mouth along hers and savoring the taste of her kiss. I place my hand on her back and pull her closer, desperate for anything she is willing to give me. My mind clears and all I can think about is her. For once in my life, I am no longer consumed with work and business and this fucking war. In this fleeting moment, she is the only thing I am concerned with.

I lift her off the floor and she wraps her legs around my torso, my cock nearly begging to be set free from the confines of my suit pants. My hands find the bare skin of her ass and it takes every bit of my control not to rip her panties off and fuck her right here and now. I guide her against the wall and she reaches down to grip my cock.

I groan and pull away. “We can’t.” The first two words I’ve spoken to her since stepping foot in this bathroom.

But she doesn’t let up. No, she tightens her hold and stares right at me, not paying any attention to the blood coating my face. “Do you want to?”

How could she possibly think otherwise? “Yes,” I assure her.

“Then fuck me.”

My cock twitches at her request and if I were a better man, I would stop here, set her down, apologize for what I had done, and never be seen again.

But I am not a good man. I am Dominic fucking Adler, the soon-to-be leader of the west coast criminal syndicate.

I kiss her deeper than before, only pausing to say, “What about a…”

But she forces her lips back onto mine and fumbles around to reach into her pocket and pull out a condom. We unbutton my pants and yank them over my hips.

She places her small hand around my cock and strokes me up and down.

Our mouths meet in a frenzied hurry as I take the condom from her and secure it over my shaft. With one arm still holding onto her, pushing her into the wall, I take my other hand and rip the delicate fabric of her panties and discard them onto the floor.

“Are you sure?” I ask her while rubbing my cock along her pussy.

She latches onto me and guides me farther but I stop her.

“Say it.” I stare into her dark eyes.

She matches my seriousness. “I’m sure.”

“Good girl.” I hide the grin that works its way onto my face and ease into her, filling her full of me. I revel in the warmth of her surrounding me and consider for the slightest moment if I have died and somehow made it to heaven. Rocking my hips, she finds her groove and I increase my tempo, her beautiful breasts bounce in response to our movement.

I shift us from the wall and over to the sink area, gently dropping her onto the countertop and propping her feet up on the edge. I continue to fuck her with long strides and pull her ass closer to me.

She brings her legs together but I grasp onto them and spread them wider.

Her head tilts back and hits the mirror as I continue to pound her tight pussy.

Admiring her insanely taut body, I swivel my hips and bask in this miracle in front of me.

But when my orgasm nears, I stop abruptly and pull myself out of her.

“Fuck, man,” she groans, craning her head to glance at me.

“Shh.” I glide three fingers over her wetness and shove them inside of her. Kneeling and not giving a shit about the state of my suit, I work my tongue over her clit and bask in the sweetness of her. Even better than I ever fucking imagined.

“Don’t tell me to *shh* .” She kicks me off of her and hops down from the counter, turning and bending over. “Come on.”

Women don’t typically defy me during sex, let alone in life. This is fucking new.

I nudge her legs apart with my shoe and lower myself between them, tasting her one more time from behind. Gripping her ass, I tease her entrance with my thumbs and lick her luscious pussy.

And because I find myself lacking patience, I stand and shove my cock back inside of her, knocking her arms out from under her with the force.

She steadies herself on the counter and pushes back onto me.

I guide my hand over her ass, along the gentle curve of her back, and into her hair. Taking a fistful of the dark locks into my hand, I tilt her head up and meet her gaze in the mirror.

She surprises me when she mutters, “Harder,” and her pussy tightens around my shaft.

I comply, giving in to her every desire, and change the rhythm, fucking her with a greater depth.

“That’s it,” I moan as our orgasms find us both at the same time, my cock hardening and exploding inside her as her pussy convulses around me.

Carefully, I pull out of her and remove the condom, discarding it into the wastebin.

With her eyes pinched shut and her trembling body resting on the counter, I zip my pants and kneel behind her to blow cool air on her throbbing pussy. I continue to be bold and reach around to her clit, rubbing it and sliding my tongue over her. I relish in the taste of her arousal and consider burying my face so deep that I die from asphyxiation. At least then I would go out a happy man.

I push two fingers inside of her and maintain pressure on her clit.

She tenses around me and I pick up my pace, slowing and speeding up to bring her closer and closer to completion.

I blow out another burst of cool air and shove my mouth back on her, barely breaking away to mutter, “*Now* .”

She climaxes at my command and shatters on me for the second time, my cock throbbing with satisfaction.

Rocking my fingers in and out, I lengthen her orgasm and grin as I finally free myself and stand at the sink next to her. If I weren’t covered in

blood, I would have considered keeping her scent on me for as long as possible.

“Are you ambidextrous?” She asks me.

Of course, I am, most men in my profession are, and the ones that aren’t die much sooner. But what the hell does that have to do with anything? “What?”

She takes the wet rag from my grasp and presses it to my cheek. “You know, can you use your left and right—”

“I know what it means.” I don’t intend to be so short, it’s just the natural manner of my tone.

“Oh.” She doesn’t seem phased, yet she continues trying to clean my face.

I latch onto her hand to stop her and stare directly into her eyes. “I’ve got this.” I nod toward the lifeless body still in the room. “You should get back to work.” I’ve done enough damage here, the sooner she gets away from me, the better.

“What about that?” She glances at the man.

“I’ll take care of it.”

“I can help.”

“You’ve done enough.” I catch myself from being too harsh and try to be a softer man, reaching up to graze my hand along her cheek and my thumb over her bottom lip. I would give anything for this to last, to be more than a one-time thing, to bring her into the depths of my dangerous world and have her rule beside me, but I cannot allow to put such an angel at risk.

She might have been stupid enough to walk straight into the lion’s den, but I have to be smart enough to let her walk out alive.

“This can’t happen again.” I return to my stone-cold self because it’s the only way I can make damn sure she understands.

She chuckles. “Don’t worry. I’m not that kind of girl.”

I expect her to insist. To put up a fight. To ask my name. To tell me hers. To want to exchange contact information. But no, she tosses the towel into bin and leaves me behind with my mind running wilder than it was when I stepped foot into this fucking bar.

Allowing myself about twelve seconds to revel in the aftermath of what just happened, I reach into my pocket and pull out my phone, dialing one of my frequently called numbers.

A man’s voice comes through the receiver. “Yes?”

“Clean-up crew at Jack’s bar. Back entrance.”

“Be right there, sir.”

I sigh and steady my gaze on the heap of man lying on the floor. Moving toward him, I reach down and grab onto his arms, tugging his dead weight up and dragging him onto his feet. The two of us step out into the dimly lit hallway when a man walks out of the bathroom across from me.

“Oh shit, is he alright?” The guy asks.

I fake a chuckle and avoid direct eye contact, grateful for the lack of lighting in this area. “Yeah, just had too much to drink.”

The guy doesn’t hesitate in buying my excuse, not that it would have mattered either way. I’ve gotten away with far worse.

“Have fun with that,” he says while turning and going back toward the bar.

I grunt as I reposition the weight of the man and continue to carry him the rest of the length of the hallway.

The door opens and for a second, I hold my breath in preparation for the next obstacle I’m going to have to overcome. But I release it when I spot one of my men step through.

I tilt my head back in the direction I came. “Women’s restroom. Make sure there’s no trace of us.” I pause and add, “And my jacket. It’s on a table in a corner booth. Leave cash to pay my tab.”

He nods and stalks past me to fulfill his duties, another man stepping through the threshold behind him. This one comes around the other side of this deadbeat and takes some of the mass I was holding up.

We walk out into the alley behind Jack’s and the man helps me load the body into a trunk lined with thick plastic.

But when I’m about to close the hatch, the body moves and a groan escapes his mouth.

“Give me your gun,” I tell the man who had helped me.

“Here, sir.” He pulls out a small pistol and I take it from him.

The gun is light in my hand. Familiar and comfortable in my grasp. I ensure there’s a bullet in the chamber and verify the safety is off, glancing around at the flickering overhead lights illuminating this dingy alley.

I aim the gun at the bloodied man in the trunk. “This is for her,” I whisper and pull the trigger.

It isn’t the first time I’ve killed a man, and it won’t be the last. But it is the first time I’ve done it for a woman. And despite every bit of me begging

and pleading to never allow it to happen again, I'm not stupid enough to think I can stay away from her forever.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Luna Pierce is the author of gritty romance, both dark contemporary and paranormal. She adores writing broken characters you won't help but fall for on their journey to find themselves and fight for what they love. Her stories are for the hopelessly romantic who enjoy grit, angst, and passion.

When she's not writing, you'll find her consuming way too much coffee, making endless to-do lists, and spending time with her daughter and cats in small-town Ohio.

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